

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

"ANGELINE,"

AND

"THE DIVORCE."

Written Respectively by John Thomas Haines and S. J. Beazley.



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ANGELINE.

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

BY JOHN THOMAS HAINES.

First Performed at the St. James Theatre, September 23, 1837



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 8.]

MAURICE MIDDLETON ESQ.	Mr. J. Webster.
DR. DIAPHRAM	Mr. Brookes.
SIMON SIMKINS	Mr. Gardner.
JEAN BRUQUERE	Mr. Sidney.
AMERE	Mr. Hollingsworth.
ANGELINE LE LIS	Mrs. Stirling.
NANGUETTE DER VROOD	Miss Mears.

SCENE.—Part of the road from Waterloo to Brussels.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Forty Minutes.

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AND

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LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

HOW TO OBTAIN AN ENGAGE-
MENT.

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“ It the purpose of the following pages to remove, where possible, and in all cases to lessen just such difficulties, by furnishing a ready reference to information which shall smooth the way for the more resolute, and, at the same time, encourage the desponding to persevere.”

London : JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand ; W. CLARKSON, Theatrical Wig Maker, 45, Wellington Street Strand ; and all Newsagents,

First Performed at the St. James Theatre, September 29, 1837



[See page 8.]

[illegible]

SCENE.—Part of the road from Waterloo to Brussels.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Forty Minutes.

COSTUME.

MAURICE MIDDLETON, Esq.—Light trousers, fashionable vest, and Newmarket cut coat, black hat, boots, &c.

DR. DIAPHRAM.—Nankeen smalls, striped silk stockings and short nankeen gaiters, a spotted vest, and brown coat, white hat, a wig and tail.

SIMON SIMKINS.—A short light blue coatee, flowered vest, light blue tight pantaloons, and short white gaiters, a straw hat, country boy's wig.

JEAN BRUQUERE.—White tronsers, rather soiled, a white vest and undress military jacket, cap, and cloak.

AMERE.—Large loose dark brown smalls, to tie below the knec, dark blue stockings, shoes and buckles, a striped shirt and short black smock-frock, open in the front, black leather belt, long black hair, and a black cap.

ANGELINE LE LIS.—A slate-coloured cotton dress, very plain, a neat French apron and cap.

NANGUETTE DER VROOD.—A striped petticoat, short blue jacket, trimmed with pink, a French apron and Flemish cap, blue stockings, sabots.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; RC., *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

ANGELINE.

SCENE I.—A rude Flemish cottage occupies the 2 E. R. H., with its roughly railed-in garden.—A lodge, rather dilapidated, 3 E. L. H.—Across the stage, level with the further end of the lodge, a rustic hedge, with stile and steps in centre. On the other side of the stile, the high road to Brussels is supposed to cross the stage.—A finger-post is seen with “Bruxelles,” written on it.—The back, a champagne country, with the city in the distance.—The rude shutters of the cottage, R. H., closed.—From the lodge, a stone wall, as if of a park, goes off 2nd entrance, leaving the 1st entrance for the footpath, leading from the stile to a neighbouring village.—The stage overhung by branches of trees.—Time, supposed, an hour before sunset.—As the curtain ascends, the report of a gun heard. Gamekeepers enter, L. H.—Two other reports—and other Keepers cross the stile.—Whistle, and the voice of Middleton heard.

Mid. Ho, there; couple the dogs. Ho, Juno; Sappho, this way.

MIDDLETON crosses the stile.

I thank ye, friends, for a fine day's sport; to-morrow we'll take the country on the other side the great canal; these Belgians are kind—good evening. [Exit Keepers, 1 E. L. H.] So the windows are still closed; she is absent—Umph, who is she? (Calls over the stile.) Here, Monsieur—what's his infernal name? here, Monsieur Amere, where are you?

AMERE enters from L. H. U. E., a remarkably staid-looking personage—pale face, straight black hair.

Ame. (On the stile.) Visible.

Mid. (R. H.) You have dwelt here long—you know all who reside in the neighbourhood.

Ame. (Coming forward, L. H.) Irrefragably;

Mid. You will answer my questions.

Ame. Indisputably.

Mid. The name of that young person who lives in that cottage is?

Ame. Angeline.

Mid. She is a?—

Ame. Woman.

Mid. Fool—her country?

Ame. France.

Mid. I thought so; La Belle France—honoured be thy groves and plains, thy streamlets and thy hills, that send forth to the wandering world—gay hearts, sharp tongues, sparkling eyes, and dancing heels, and she has lived here?—

Ame. Twelve months,

Mid. Has she a lover?

Ame. No.

Mid. Parents?

Ame. No.

Mid. Money?

Ame. No.

Mid. Ha! friendless and poor; she is very beautiful?

Ame. (With peculiar expression.) Yes.

Mid. (Looking at him.) The villain's mouth waters at the thought. What is known of her history?

Ame. Nothing.

Mid. Ha! Mysterious too—Umph! her lovely graceful form haunts me in my sleep. What will prove my best friend in obtaining her?

Ame. Poverty.

Mid. Ha! poverty—Umph! should she reject money, what then?

Ame. Force.

Mid. Ha! (Starts back, and eyes Amere, who remains immovable.) Now could I almost fancy that fellow was the devil—a thought of harming her has never entered even my mind—she seems so purely innocent—the light of her fair soul peeps from her eyes—as tho' no thought of guile had ever shadowed it—and the music of her voice must be—hush! some one comes—step this way. (Tries the lodge door.) Fastened—what's to be done?

Ame. Kick.

Mid. (Kicks the door open.) I enter here—what do you?

Ame. Follow.

[They enter lodge.

Enter DR. DIAPHRAM and SIMON SIMKINS, from L. H. U. E., and come over the stile.

Sim. (As he enters.) Be you going down to old Marcelline in the village?

Dia. (R. H.) No; the old woman, thanks to my skill, is well.

Sim. (Coming down, L. H.) Her's was a mortal bad case, were it not?

Dia. Terrible: any of your continental physicians would have killed her.

Sim. Ay, that they would.

Dia. You are a sensible lad.

Sim. I'm reckoned so—but Marcelline do want you.

Dia. Ah, poor soul! I can't be bothered with her gratitude just now.

Sim. She don't want to thank you, bless ye!

Dia. Indeed, what then?

Sim. She do want to burden you with something else.

Dia. Ay—what?

Sim. All the potticary stuff you gave her, it be all safe—she have kept it nicely corked up ever since you sent it.

Dia. The old fool's mad; she should have swallowed it.

Sim. She said if she did, not all the continental physicians could save her.

Dia. Insolent—she'll die.

Sim. Die! oh, no; she knows better than to die; besides, pretty Miss Angeline ha' taken care of that.

Dia. Miss Angeline! How?

Sim. Why, she have stuffed old woman up with broths, and jellies, and puddings till she be as strong and as fat as an English drayman.

Dia. Miss Angeline makes herself very busy.

Sim. So she do; there be'ant an accident nor a sickness but what she be the nurse of, bless her!

Dia. Her shutters are closed, where is she?

Sim. She went to Brussels in the morning, I gallivanted her part of the road.

Mid. (Who has listened.) To Brussels, eh!

Sim. She goes there once a week, bless you, to sell her lace; her week's work. Lord, how nicely her tiny white fingers do twist the bobbins about!

(Middleton comes forward.)

Mid. (As he passes, bows.) Your servant, doctor, such fine weather as this is no friend to medical professors—good evening.

(Goes up the stage, and appears to speak to Amere, who is still in the lodge.)

Dia. (Bowing.) Who is that? how does he know my profession?

Sim. Oh, easily; there be advice gratis written on your forehead; cupping and tooth-drawing on your mouth, and your spectacles do seem like two round green bottles stuck in the window before a row of gallipots.

Dia. Silence, fool!

(Middleton is on the stile, Amere advances, L. H.; the Doctor and Simon dispute.)

Mid. (Aside.) I will meet her on the road, I will speak to her; if her mind be equal to her person, there is not her compeer; I will speak to her, why should I hesitate?

[Beckons to Amere, and exit.

Ame. (Nodding, L. H.) Hè m!

Dia. (Turning round, startled.) Who is this? (Amere nods solemnly.) Do you know me?

Ame. Yes.

Dia. What am I?

Ame. Doctor.

Dia. More of the gallipots. (Simon laughs.) Silence! you are a—

Ame. Friend.

Dia. To whom?

Ame. Physicians.

Dia. What makes you so?

Ame. Gratitude.

Dia. (To Simon.) Now, villain, you are then a—

Ame. Sexton.

(Simon laughs and gets into the L. H. corner, the Doctor confounded; Amere slowly exits over stile, and goes off L. H. U. E.)

Dia. (Recovering, R. H.) Never was I so insulted; dare to laugh again, and I'll knock your brains out.

Sim. Then your friend would be more grateful

than ever, sexton. (Imitating.) But I can't stand gossiping with you, I must down to the village to my dear little Nanguette, and do a little bit of love-making—good-bye, doctor.

Dia. Stop, stay—who were those two persons?

Sim. The first be a countryman of ours, an English gent, who have just come to these parts, and bought yon park and the old house there; t'other be the late sexton of St. Magdalen's, he were turned off because he were suspected of robbing the dead.

Dia. The villain!

Sim. Hush! recollect he be a friend—ha—ha!

Dia. You like a jest, but come—come, no more of this; tell me, do you know anything of this Miss Angeline?

Sim. I only know she be a French angel, if there be any angels that do speak French.

Dia. Has she any friends or relations?

Sim. None but me and Nanguette.

Dia. You—

Sim. Yes, bless you, I'm her principlest friend; she an't got no father nor mother, and I never had any.

Dia. How?

Sim. I was found one day after a review on the parade-ground, with a pawnbroker's ticket pinned on the blanket I was wrapt in; it was a ticket for a pair of unmentionables, in the name of Simon Simkins; so the drum-major took them out, and took me in. I was christened after the unmentionables.

Dia. But how could this ridiculous story make you and Angeline friends?

Sim. Her father was a soldier, so was I.

Dia. (Laughing.) You?

Sim. Yes, I was a grenadier, I played the fife; her father was killed at Waterloo.

Dia. Then 'tis the loss of her father makes her so melancholy?

Sim. Yes, that and something else; I often find her crying over an old French newspaper, she cries so bitterly that when I see her, I sit down to help her.

Dia. Simpleton!

Sim. But I must off to Nanguette, good-bye, doctor. (Goes to the wing, L. H. 1 E., turns and calls.) I say, doctor, don't forget your friend, the—

[Makes the motion of digging, and exit, L. H. 1 E., laughing.

Dia. So she has gone to Brussels; ha—ha! she is industrious, too—would make a capital house-keeper for a man of my habits—poor—umph! so much the better. I'll meet her and propose that she should come and keep my house in order, better than live in that ricketty old hut, her sparkling eyes—ha, beautiful! she can't refuse—I'm yet young and strong—young, well, well. I have money; umph! the sex love money and fine clothes. What makes this old heart go pit-a-pat just now? Ha! ha! not forgot my old way among them; yet—now for the stile.

(Angeline heard to sing a snatch of a French air, without.)

'Tis she—I know her musical pipe. I won't surprise her too abruptly—the lodge, the lodge.

[Enters the lodge, L. H.

ANGELINE enters by 2 R. H., she jumps lightly over the stile, she has a small basket on her arm.

Ang. Home! ah, home! est ce vous, it is you my

house Oni, I am so fatigue! Oh, where is de key? (*Puts her hand into a little pocket at her side.*) Elle est partié, it is go away! Non—(*Looks into her basket.*) Ah, big cheat, I have you! (*Holds up the key.*) Let me look. I have do great work to-day; go to Bruxelles, sell de lace, oui; get de money. Ah, ah, mon père! (*In a melancholy tone.*) Mon père! Well, I have come back; walk, walk, fatigue, fatigue; meet de Anglais gentilhomme; he look—ah, he dart his two eye at me. Oh! comme j'ai froid, I am cold! I run, run as fast as I can walk, till I see my home. Ah, ah, ah!—heigho! My heart is lighter, oui, un, deux, trois—(*Counting her money*)—quatre-cinq, six, tenez les voila—all are there. Ah, dat man with his two eye! (*Opens her door.*) Now, I shall open my window shut up; my home, my pauvre home!

(*She enters the cottage, R. H.—the DOCTOR looks out, and as she returns and is opening her window-shutters, he gains the stile.*)

Dia. Ah, Mademoiselle Angeline, your servant.

(*Comes down, L. H.*)

Ang. (*Starting and dropping the shutter.*) Oh, doucement! doucement! (*Putting her hand on her heart.*) Gentely. Oh, monsieur, you make my little chest, that my heart is in, go bump, bump—I tink it was de man with his two eyes. Oh—(*Curtseying*)—votre serviteur, monsieur.

Dia. Charming little creature, I trust I have not frightened you?

Ang. Yes; you make me very frightful at first—but when I see it is you, I say, Ooh, it is nobody at all!

Dia. Charming confidence.

Ang. But monsieur will excuse. (*She brings forward a seat and sits, R. H.*) Ah, you cure old Marceline.

Dia. No, it was you that cured her, beautiful Angeline.

Ang. (*With feeling.*) Non, non—silence—you are wrong—I cannot bear. Tres bien—you will say, Angeline. I do not love to hear flattery, monsieur. He used to say beautiful Angeline in his love, and he will never say more. Oh, me! (*Sobs.*)

Dia. He—some lover who has been false—umph! (*Aside.*) Why do you weep?—are you ill?

Ang. Non, non; la mal de cœur—here, here!

Dia. The heartache. Ah, little rogue, you are in love.

Ang. Love—oui, love of memory.

Dia. Was your lover false?

Ang. False! Oh, père de miséricorde, he was all honour! Un brave.

Dia. Where is he?

Ang. Il est mort—misery—dead, dead.

(*She drops her head on her chair.*)

Dia. Forgive me, you interest me.

Ang. Thank you much. Old man—he is good. (*Aside.*) You shall know. (*Opens an interior pocket of the pouch she carries at her side, and takes out an old newspaper; she opens it, finds a particular spot, tremblingly gazes on it, kisses it, endeavours to suppress her tears, seems as if about to read; her feelings overpower her, she gives the paper to Dia-phram, pointing to the spot, exclaims.*) There—read!

(*And covering her face with her hands, sobs audibly.*)

Dia. (*Aside.*) Now for the mystery. (*Reads.*) “Dispatch of the Army of La Vendee.” Um, ha! “List of killed.” Um, oh! here it is, she has

marked the lines. “Among the slain was discovered the body of Jean Bruquere—the youth who so gallantly distinguished himself in the action of the 14th; he lay with the standard he had so bravely captured folded in his arms, and a small gold locket, inscribed with the name of Angeline, firmly clenched between his teeth.” Angeline, her gift—poor fellow! Here, my good girl, take your paper, though I blame you for carrying so melancholy a memorial constantly about. (*Angeline rises, takes it, kisses it, presses it to her heart, and replaces it in her pouch.*) Believe me, it only keeps your grief alive.

Ang. C'est vrai, you are true, but it is dear—(*She makes the action of clenching her teeth*)—very dear!

Dia. (*L. H.*) Had you known him long?

Ang. (*R. H.*) Listen. I was petite child when mon père, my brave father, was kill. Oh, I can remember his look—de grand homme—firm as de rock of honneur! He was vere fond of his little child, and I love mon brave père—ah, vere much, vere much! (*Pauses from emotion.*)

Dia. This emotion is too much for you.

Ang. Non; let me cry, it is do me good. Well, I was play with his bright arms and laugh in his bright eye, as he look on me and bless his child. I was vere little, he march to de battle, and I feel so proud to see him go, with the feather of his cap fly in de wind and de musique. Ah! little I tink I was never see mon père again; but I was child, little—tres bien, I see ma mère, my mother, pine away; news come, I was play with mon petite ami, de boy Jean Bruquere; de news arrive, my father was kill; I hear a shriek, I listen, and my soul feel de bursting of my mother's heart; I look in de midst of my play, I look, and ma mère was dead—dead upon the floor. (*Crosses to L. H.*)

Dia. Would to Heaven I hadn't heard this story! Do not proceed.

Ang. Yes, I will tell you all. Avous, I stand and I look, but I never move, my heart was go too, de boy—mon petite ami Jean Bruquere—lead me by de hand to de house of his home; I was ill, pauvre petite orphan, I was vere bad, and Jean Bruquere, de little boy, watch my bed—I love him den fast as my brother; well, I get well, his step-father, one brave Anglais, support me—he give me de legacy of my father, it is here—his hair—a miniature, and I am proud; his cross of de Legion d'Honor—I wear them next my heart.

(*Shows them. The miniature is in a black silk bag, and the whole is suspended by a black ribbon round her neck.*)

Dia. Is it the portrait of your father?

Ang. No; I not know whose, a lady. Tres bien, it was his, it is my prize. Well, Jean Bruquere was my brother, we grow up, we love—I could not help, he was so good when I was little child, écoutez—we were poor, he became a soldat, and I work at my needle, we agree to marry when he return from La Vendee; he swear he will be grand brave, I say I will be vere good. He go—ah, then, I tink Madame Bruquere de soldat's wife—ha! go his march with him, carry his gun, cheer him with my talk—so happy, so bonne. News come he is brave, he save de commandant, I pray on my knees with thanks; news come again, I read he is dead. Oh, père—miseracorde, he is dead—I weep for ever!

(*Crosses to R. H.*)

Dia. No, no, you must be cheerful now—years

have elapsed since he fell—'tis time now you think of future happiness.

Ang. Je ne sais pas—I do not know but one happiness—to die. I go to La Vendee, I could not find his remain—I come to Waterloo, I work, work, save, save—for what? that I may build up an petite stone on the field beside de remembrance of my country's defeat, and that it may bear the name of three of the pauvre children of La Belle France—mon père, Jean Bruquere, and le petite Angeline.

Dia. (Aside) Her heart is softened by her tears. I must be cautious—I'm glad the fellow's in his grave.

Ang. (Drying her tears.) My heart is lighter—oui—I am glad I have tell him—de good old man he is pity me—he pity poor Marceline, only his physie kill her if she take it.

Dia. (Aside.) Come, she is cheering up—I think I'll venture.

Ang. Pardonne, monsieur, I have lose time.
(Going into cottage.)

Dia. Stay, Angeline, you will trust me?

Ang. Oui, you have de silver hair.

Dia. Never mind the colour of my hair, I was gray at eighteen, bless you! come, give me your hand—there, you are very young. You trust in me, you shall leave this wretched hut, you shall come and live with me.

(Kisses her hand; she looks at the action and at him expresively.)

Ang. (In a marked tone.) I do trust you.

Dia. Yes, yes, you shall come and live in my house—you shall forget what's past, you shall be happy, you shall—(growing warmer in his manner)—love me, too, and live with me till the end of my life—you shall, by this kiss, my girl.

Ang. (Firmly thrusting him back.) Tenez, Monsieur Diaphram, you are a professeur de medicine—you are an old man, I une pauvre orphan—I trust you—tres bien, attendez—(She takes his hand and leads him to the front of her little garden.) Come, see de jessamine, and de honeysuckle, they trust de old wall, and cling to him, but de wall un traiteur, encourage de loathsome worm to gnaw and to destroy, dey wither and dey droop, because for why, dey trust de villain who deceive, monsieur, de spell of de white hair is gone, elle est cassée—it is broke—adieu!

(Slowly goes towards her cottage, curtseys, is about to enter, when Diaphram, who has stood amazed, seizes her arm.)

Dia. Nay, you are wrong; you shall not leave me in anger. I love you, beautiful Angeline! you shall not go without one kiss of peace.

(Struggles with her, she screams. MID-DLETON jumps over the stile, collars Diaphram, and thrusts him into L. H. corner, and Angeline darts into the cottage, R. H.)

SIMON enters, L. H.

Mid. How's this, dares this withered old rhinocerus attempt what my youth dared not? Stand back!

Sim. (L. H.) That's right, do, Mr. Stranger, crack his gallipot; a wicked old Spanish fly, what, insult Miss Angeline? Egad! I've a great mind to draw one or two of his teeth myself.

Dia. (R. H.) Let me go! Imp! bah! let me go.

Sim. Let him go, and I'll see him clear off the premises—an old horse-leech.

Mid. (Letting go Diaphram, who goes out.) See him some distance along the road, my good boy.

Sim. (Looks indignant.) Boy! boy! fourteen years ago I was a granadier. Boy, indeed! (Diaphram is getting over the stile.) Take care, old pill-box, or you'll hurt your old body over that stile.

Dia. Ugh! bah! curse ye both.

[Exit over stile, going, L. H.]

Mid. Begone, you old rogue, your curses do less harm than your physie.

Sim. Ecod, you be right; I'll after him, and if he be imperent, I'll teach him what anti-irritation is.

(Makes a boxing sign, crosses the stile, and exit, L. H.)

Mid. She has retired to her cot, and, I suppose, will not again appear; I had made up my mind to address her on the road, but the innocence of her look awed me: ha! she returns.

ANGELINE enters, timidly, from cottage, R. H.

Ang. (R. H.) Monsieur L'Etrangere, I should be very wrong if I did not thank you for myself, for de gratitude of help.

Mid. (Respectfully.) Charming young lady! I was most fortunate in being near. I—I was going to the neighbouring village—what is its name?

Ang. Emville, monsieur, the village is called.

Mid. I thank you, mademoiselle. (Bows, and retires a few paces, diffidently recovers his courage, and advances.) I had, I believe, the pleasure of meeting you before to-day. Do you often go to Brussels?

Ang. Une fois seulment par semain—once of de week only—to sell my little wares.

Mid. (Approaching.) To sell your little wares? What a pity it is that so much beauty should be in poverty!

Ang. (Withdrawing coldly.) Beauty, monsieur, is nothing; but virtue in de poverty is like de diamond in de mine—not de less brilliant because him is hid from de eye by rude and ugly ore.

Mid. Singular girl! (Aside.) You are a native of La Belle France. How is it you use yourself to speak our rude and less polished language?

Ang. I would, if I could, forget France. I have learn Anglais of Simon and de little Nanguette, to help me forget. I have learn because it is spoken by one I love.

Mid. You have never been in England, then?

Ang. Never.

Mid. (Resuming his air of confidence.) Oh, you must see Old England! We live merrily there—hunt, sport, play, laugh, drink, gaiety all day long!

Ang. Ah! why you leave, den?

Mid. Why, a trifle. The fact is, the English are such cursed money-hunters, my dear. My fortune was pretty large, but then my horses were unlucky. I must enjoy myself—and tradesmen are such cursed bores. They poke in their long bills, and dog one like terriers; so that, in order to keep out of a prison, I was forced to get into Parliament. Things went on well. They clamoured—I laughed. At last I lose my election, and, to prevent losing my liberty, I pass to the Continent, purchase this old estate, and here I intend to stay till a rich twaddler of an uncle dies. I am his heir. Meantime, I live in comfort, and my tradesmen live in hope.

Ang. (Coldly eyeing him.) Monsieur, adieu!

(Going towards cottage, R. H.)

Mid. Stay, my dear! (Taking her hand.)

Ang. Sare!

Mid. I have still enough for both of us, and—

Ang. (*Haughtily releasing her hand.*) Monsieur!

Mid. (*Bowing and stammering.*) Forgive me! I—I meant not to offend—I merely wished to—to offer any assistance you might require. We are neighbours—I have gold, and—

Ang. And—I have health. Adieu!

(*Curtseying, she enters her cot, R. H.—As Middleton bows involuntarily, SIMON SIMKINS appears on the stile.*)

Sim. (*Coming forward, L. H.*) I followed the old rogue till he met with another as big as himself—his friend the sexton. I'm much obliged to you, master, for driving off the ugly wasp from my pretty lily.

Mid. You are acquainted with Angeline. I love her.

Sim. So do I—so does everybody.

Mid. Pshaw! I am but wasting time to talk to this clown! The night will soon come on—the cottage is lonely! She shall be mine! Time and attention will reconcile her. (*Aside.*) Good day!

(*Goes up to the stile.*)

Sim. Oh, good day, if you're going! I was going to ask your advice.

Mid. I have no time.

Sim. Well, you need not be so glumpy. I'm a lauded proprietor as well as you—got a cabbage-garden, sixty yards by forty.

Mid. Pshaw! (*Aside.*) Yes; I will procure assistance. This night shall see her mine!

(*Exit over stile, going, L. H.*)

Sim. (*Takes one of Angeline's chairs, and sits down—seems disturbed.*) Let me think. I should be a ninny to submit to it. If I marry, am I to rule my wife, or my wife to rule me? I can see it would very soon be—"Here, Simon, do this—Simon, run there—Simon, take the child,"—for I should rather imagine there would be something of that kind. (*Puts the chair back.*) Angeline—um! what a nice wife she'd make! Ecod! now I think, she likes me better than anybody else—I shouldn't wonder a bit of a sheep's eye there. I'll propose—ecod, I will!—and then Ma'am Nanguette may look and long—it will be so comfortable to see her fret! I'll sit by the door, chucking up a fat boy as she passes—"How do, Nanguette?—Be quiet, ehicka-biddy!" He, he! how she'll look!—oh, oh! I'll propose; and, then, what an advantage!—our children will speak two languages—girls, French; boys, English—like father and mother! Oh, oh! I'll propose!

(*Simon knocks at Angeline's door. She looks from the window.*)

Ang. (*At the window.*) Oh, oh, Monsieur Simon! is it you? I shall make my door undone to you. Come in! (*Retires.*)

Sim. She doesn't mind me. I'll tell her at once. Oh, dear! my heart comes up in my mouth! Courage, Simon! An old grenadier, and afraid? Hem! now for it!

(*Enters the house.*)

(*Nanguette heard singing without, L. H., part of the "Buy a Broom" song. She enters, L. H. Her dress is that of a Fleming, but very neat; she has sabots on, and at her back the japanned machine used by travelling vendors of liquors on the Continent. As she enters, she sobs and sings in a broken voice.*)

Nan. The little vagabond! I won't fret about him—no, that I won't! To come and be so grand down at my own house, too! But I'll to England once more, though, to be sure, I did reckon that I was settled after my last trip. The little villain!—he won't do this, and he won't do that! What's the use of a husband if he won't do at all times what his wife wants him? I'll tramp the world over before I'll submit to such a—Um! to think that I should content myself with a bit of a man like that, and be treated with ingratitude! It's not to be borne! I'll see poor dear Angeline—kiss—say one farewell, and, without one tear, set out to seek my fortune again!

(*Goes towards the cottage—Simon laughs within—she starts.*)

The little villain's there—ha! has Angeline deceived me?—if I thought so—but they are coming—I'll watch; yes, the lodge doors open. Oh, what a little imp it is!

[*Enters the lodge, 3 E. L. H.*]

ANGELINE enters with her lace cushion, followed by SIMON from cottage, R. H.—Nanguette opens the lodge door.—Angeline seats herself, L. H.—Simon stands bewildered—Angeline works at her lace.

Sim. (*R. H.*) It will soon be dark, Angeline—the—the—the sun is setting—

Ang. Oui.

Sim. (*Taking a seat.*) I have something to say—I—I—

Ang. (*Quickly.*) Tres bien—dépêchez vous.

Sim. (*Starting.*) La! dear me—you speak so—you bring my heart up into my mouth.

Nan. (*Aside, at lodge door.*) I wonder it don't choke you, a dirty little morsel.

Ang. (*Looking round.*) Etes vous malade? you are ill?

Sim. No! not very.

Ang. Oh!

(*Resumes her work.*)

Sim. (*Sidling up.*) Only I have something to say.

Ang. Tres bien.

Sim. I—I—that is, I—

Ang. Ouvrez la bouche.

Sim. Yes; I—how quickly your little fingers do go.

Ang. Is dat all?—ah!

Sim. Oh, no; I want to unbuzzom myself to you.

Ang. Pourquoi cela—why so?

Sim. You know I was a grenadier.

Ang. (*Laughing.*) Oh, oui.

Sim. You know I was wounded at Waterloo, the same place where your—

Ang. Hush, hush!

Sim. Yes, I know—I mustn't say your father was killed there—well, I won't.

Nan. (*Aside, at lodge door.*) No harm yet.

Sim. I was a poor boy then—you don't know how I came by my money; I was hid down behind a soldier's cap—when I saw a French officer shot—such a fine fellow, all over gold and orders, and jewels; he was quite dead, and I crept out, and in spite of my wound, it wasn't much, somewhere in my coat-tail, I got to him, cut off all his finery, and searched his pockets—(there was no harm, you know, he didn't make a single objection)—I found a big purse of gold and a fine gold watch—they were all mine, lawfully taken and captivated in battle.

Nan. (*Aside, at lodge door.*) The little thief!

Sim. I've been thriving ever since, and now, Angeline, you won't be angry, will you?

Ang. Pourquoi?

Sim. You—you must have seen that—that I—love you.

(*Nanguette, at lodge door, takes off one of her sabots, as if about to throw it.*)

Ang. Oui, I know you do, and I do love you veremuch.

(*Nanguette takes off the other sabot, as if about to throw that too.*)

Sim. Do you, though?

Ang. Oui, and so does Nanguette love me, and I love her too, veremuch.

(*Nanguette, more pacified, puts on one sabot.*)

Sim. Oh, curse Nanguette!

(*She throws the sabot at him, and disappears from the window.*)

Sim. (*Rising.*) Hollo! oh, dear! my shin, what's this?—a shoe with a wooden upper leather—how came it here?

(*Nanguette bursts forward with one sabot on—Centre.*)

Nan. How came it there?—why, I threw it at your nasty little ugly head; and for you, mademoiselle, to encourage him—I—

Ang. (*Rises, and lifting her finger, says calmly.*)—Prenez garde.

(*Takes her seat back.—Nanguette looks at her a moment, courtesies, and bursts out crying.—Turning, she sees Simon laugh—she darts at him.*)

Nan. You savage monster! I'll teach you to despise my tender quiet disposition—you little villain—you ugly—

Sim. (*R. H. corner.*) Come, come, don't display your want of taste; ugly—um! you've got a pretty eye for the picturesque.

Nan. Picturesque! romantic view of a pig-sty.

Sim. (*Going up.*) Good night!

Nan. (*Following him.*) Give me my shoe.

Sim. No, it will do for my fire.

Nan. My shoe, or I'll break your head with the other.

Sim. (*On the stile.*) There's your rubbish; and now I'll break your heart—look at me—let your buzzom swell and your heart burst, when I go behind that hedge; little as I am, you'll see less of me—farewell for ever!

(*Exit over the stile, going L. H.—During the above the stage has been getting dark—Angeline has busied herself in taking in her work and seats—Nanguette stands sobbing—Angeline for a moment looks at her, then advances.*)

Ang. (*Kindly, L. H.*) Ma pauvre Nanguette, he will come back, depend.

Nan. (*Sobbing, R. H.*) Oh, it isn't about that little alligator I'm crying—no, no, no, it is because I have been so very wicked as to suspect you.

Ang. Me!

Nan. I dare not look at you, I'm a very bad girl—I—I know—but the ungrateful morsel to treat me so—when he was a little dirty fifer boy—wasn't I a sister to him—and didn't I make his shirts, and darn his—his—oh! oh! oh!—(*Sobbing*)—and is it come to this, that I'm to be turned off by such a small partiele of humanity!

Ang. Doucement, doucement; de night is set in—go to your home back—go, Simon love you dear.

Nan. No, no; he loves you! I listened, he was

just going to propose to you—I couldn't help being jealous; I shall never forgive myself for causing you these tears, and you will never pardon me.

Ang. Bien—no matter—you shall not leave the village till you have seen me again—it is night—farewell—by to-morrow—adien—I will to my house.

(*Crosses to R. H.*)

Nan. And I'll just take a stroll along the road before I go home; good-bye, dear Miss Angeline, I will never offend again—adien!

Ang. Adieu! [*Nanguette crosses the stile, and exit, R. H.*] I am alone, and it is stillness of night, and de petite star peep out, like de spirit of mon père, to see at me—dere de other, more pale star—which my soul delight all time to call mon brave Jean—dey are together. Ah! my heart leap to you. (*Takes the locket of hair, and order from her bosom; gazing on them.*) I cannot look, my tear shine in de beam of de moon, and my throat swell large—I'll in de house, on my knee—and pray—oui—oui—

(*Enters cottage, R. H., hastily.*)

(*The figure of a man comes from R. H., and appears at the stile, muffled in a military cloak, it is JEAN BRU-QUERE, he is pale, his left arm is in a sling, and he leans, as if weak, on the stile.*)

Jean. The girl I just passed told me this path led to a village about half a mile distant; will my strength last so far? courage, Jean, courage (*With great difficulty he crosses the stile.*)—it is impossible—must I then, after braving death so long, perish like a dog by the road side; my feeble encounter with the ruffian, who stopped me on the solitary road, and taking advantage of my wounded condition, robbed me of my little all,—has made my arm gush out afresh with blood. I am very faint—ah! a cottage, perhaps the inmates may assist me. (*Staggering to the cottage, looks through the window.*) A girl whose back is towards me, is on her knees, she is engaged in prayer, I will not disturb her; my appearance might uselessly alarm her, as she appears the sole inhabitant of the house—let me make one effort to proceed—it is in vain—thank heaven, death will at last relieve my misery! Oh, forgive the madness of despair, with which I sought death in the trench at Antwerp! through the darkness methinks I see some shed—'tis one, there let me lie me down and die; (*Approaches the lodge, opens the door.*) 'tis well; now welcome death, thou friend of misery—Oh, Angeline!

(*Enters the lodge, L. H., a short pause—MIDDLETON, followed by two gamekeepers, appear at the stile—coming L. H.*)

Mid. Now caution for your lives; do you (*To one.*) take your post about a hundred yards along the road. [*One of the gamekeepers goes off, U. E. L. H.*] You a short distance down the village-path, to prevent surprise, be sure to give me timely notice of any one's approach. [*Exit the other gamekeeper, L. E. L. H.*] Now for a bold stroke. I find I cannot live without this girl, and 'tis a pity so fair a flower should droop in solitude. I'll knock, and entice her out.

(*Approaches the door—raises his hand to knock—looks through the window.*)

She is praying—I cannot do it—fool, fool!—wavering idiot! yet I drank brandy enough to madden me at any other time—hark!

The KEEPER enters, U. 2 L. H.

Kee. Sir, sir!

Mid. How now?

Kee. (Coming over the stile.) Two persons come this way.

Mid. Baek, till they pass; ah! the lodge door is fastened; this way.

[*They retire into Angeline's garden, AMERE appears at the stile, coming L. H.—Listens, comes forward, then goes up to the stile and claps his hands.*]

Enter DIAPHRAM, from L. H.

Ame. Sleeps.

Dia. (At the stile.) All safe?

Ame. Advanee. (Comes forward, L. H.)

Dia. (Comes over the stile, R. H.) Did you look down the path to the village?

Ame. Yes.

Dia. And into the garden?

Ame. Pshaw!

Dia. There may be something there.

Ame. Cabbages.

Dia. I have a character to lose.

Ame. (Malignantly.) Ah!

Dia. And that's more than you have—know you what I witnessed to-night?

Ame. Robbery.

Dia. Yes; committed by whom?

Ame. Me!

Dia. Think, then, you are in my power.

Ame. (Laughs.) Ah!

Dia. It is—

Ame. Dark.

Dia. Yes; and we are—

Ame. Alone.

(*He draws his hand across his throat, the Doctor trembles.*)

Dia. Eh! what, surely you wouldn't.

Ame. Secure.

Dia. (Alarmed.) What?

Ame. Silence.

Dia. Oh, you are sure of me, bless you! assist me to carry off this girl, I'll to England, and you shall never see me more—then remember the purse of gold.

(*Taking it out.*)

Ame. Pay.

Dia. By-and-by.

Ame. Now.

(*Snatching the purse.*)

Dia. There; I shall be glad to be rid of this fellow. (Aside.) Now, I'll knock, you seize her, muffle her in that cloak, and—

(*Middleton has been listening, he and the Keeper rush forward.*)

Mid. No, old poacher, you do not. Seize that robber!

(*Middleton seizes Diaphram, the Keeper Amere.*)

Dia. Hollo! help! murder!

Mid. Silence, or you die.

Ame. Awkward.

Dia. Will you murder me!

Kee. Sir, sir, villagers approach.

Mid. They shall be welcome.

Enter Villagers and SIMON, L. H. 1 E.

Welcome, friends; seize on these misereants, to the horsepond with them. Detain the sexton for a robbery committed this night. Away with them; my keeper will explain all.

(*Villagers seize Diaphram.*)

Enter ANGELINE from cottage, R. H.

Dia. Help! murder! murder!

(*Villagers drag off Diaphram, L. H. 1 E.—when Diaphram off, Simon presents a pistol at Amere, who looks at the pistol.*)

Ame. Unexpected.

Mid. Away with him!

Ame. Unpleasant.

(*Exit Amere, followed by Simon, L. H. 1 E.—Angeline is timidly retiring.*)

Mid. Stay, pretty Angeline! fate has again made me your deliverer, ought not gratitude, if not a softer feeling, teach you to be more kind to me?

Ang. (Shrinking.) Monsieur, what have your meaning?

Mid. Angeline, I love you; cannot know happiness without you—be mine then, and riches, love, and equipage are yours.

Ang. (Firmly.) Monsieur, I am a weak woman, but I am the child of a brave soldier—I may die, but I cannot forget that my father was a man of honour—shall I ever disgrace him—oh! no, never—never.

Mid. Your father was a soldier, so was I—I fought on the field where he was slain—a soldier only should protect the orphan of a soldier.

Ang. A soldier should not disgrace the orphan of a soldier.

Mid. Why do I stand dallying like an idiot—she is mine, no one is nigh, the brandy maddens me. (Pulling her towards him.) Angeline, you are mine—by this warm kiss, for ever.

(*She struggles with him, and shrieks—JEAN appears at the door of the lodge—she breaks from Middleton, but leaves the locket, &c., in his grasp—she rushes to the stile, the voice of Jean arrests both.*)

Jean. Hold, miscreant, or you perish!

(*She shrieks, and falls across the stile.*)

Ang. Oh! de voice! my heart! ah!

(*NANGUETTE appears at the stile, she crosses, and Angeline points, but dares not look towards the spot Jean's voice came from.*)

Nan. What is this? Speak! Why—why, dear Angeline, do you tremble?

Jean. (On hearing the name.) Angeline!

(*Angeline turns at the voice; their eyes meet.*)

Ang. Jean!—living—my brain.

Jean. 'Tis she—Angeline!

(*He rushes towards her, she moves a step; he falls insensible at her feet: she stands with her eyes fixed immovably over him.*)

Mid. (R. H.) What can this mean?

Nan. (R. C.) It is her lover, Jean Bruquere, long thought dead.

Mid. Wonder-working heaven!

Jean. (Recovering.) Was it a dream—a vision—or—no—there she stands still and immovable in death—Angeline!—Angeline! She breathes! she lives! Angeline!

(*She revives, looks on him, laughs hysterically, and faints in his arms.*)

Mid. What have I here—great heaven, the portrait of my sister! 'tis true, how came Angeline possessed of that?

Nan. It was given to her father by an English officer, whose life he preserved at Waterloo.

Enter SIMON and Villagers, 1 E. L. H. Simon gets round to R. H. corner. Villagers form at the back.

Mid. I was that officer; her father was my preserver—see, she revives; come, cheerly, maiden. Jean Bruquere, you have, indeed, a treasure in your arms.

Ang. (Gazing at Jean.) 'Tis real, then he lives! Oh, pere de miseraeorde, I thank, ha! ha! ha! my heart—Jean, mon brave, ha! ha!

(Rushing to him.)

Sim. How happy we'll all be; Nanguette and I have made it up—we've ducked the doctor and popped Amere in prison—ha! ha! you should have seen the old gallipot dive.

Mid. Let us in to Angeline's cottage, there learn the wonderous chain of these events, and, Jean, to-morrow I will deliver into your hands a sum sufficient for your future comfort—'tis part payment of my debt of gratitude to Angeline's father; she must forgive me, and I promise, never again shall woman's helplessness find in me a dishonourable assailant.

Ang. Tenez votre parole—keep to your word,

and you are forgiven. I am now happy—yes, pauvre Angeline's happiness will be complete, if, by the welcome of all, she is relieve of LE TRISTE DE CŒUR. *(Coming forward.)*

Bon gentilhommes—ma pauvre demoseilles,
Is dere one little heart here truly tells,
What is dat Triste de Cœur, it plagues our lives,
Teazes ven single, perplexes us when wives,
And triumphs more, de more its vietim strives?
Is dere one sufferer here? Oui, dere I spy one
Wis a flush cheek—one wet eye, and one dry one;
If you've no sweetheart, pretty maiden, try one.
But there's another leetle farther gone,
Sighing and pale, and looking all forlorn;
She parted with her sailor but this morn.
In tears she vowed with him death were delight;
A soldier wants to see her home to-night.
We're all coquettes—and, worse than that, we
show it,

But, pauvre maidens—worst of all—men know it.
Let all be true when a true heart they steal,
And take my word—no Triste de Cœur they'll feel.

Then maids be true when a true heart you steal,
And take my word, no Triste de Cœur you'll feel.

CURTAIN.

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

	VILLAGERS.	VILLAGERS.
NANGUETTE.	MIDDLETON.	ANGELINE.
SIMON.		JEAN.
E. H.		L. H.

THE DIVORCE.

A COMEDY, IN ONE ACT.

BY S. J. BEAZLEY.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, October 29th, 1832.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 20.]

LORD CLIFFORD (an English nobleman)	Mr. Yates.
MONSIEUR DE MERVILLE (married to an English lady)	Mr. Hemming.
GEORGE BELVILLE (in love with Miss Beauchamp)	Mr. Gallot.
SIR POROUS FILTER (a traveller)	Mr. Reeve.
MONSIEUR LA RONDE (a Hotel Keeper)	Mr. Buckstone.
JAQUES (a waiter)	Mr. Mordaunt.
MADAME DE MERVILLE	Mrs. Yates.
HARRIET BEAUCHAMP	Miss Daly.
MADAME LA RONDE	Mrs. Honey.

SCENE.—Spa.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.

COSTUME:

OF THE DAY—STRIKING AND VERY FASHIONABLE.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C	LC.	L.
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* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE DIVORCE.

SCENE.—*The Public Room of the Hotel of the Cornucopia, at Spa, in which are four doors leading to the different apartments—two on the right hand, numbered 5 and 6, and two on the left, numbered 3 and 4. The public entrance at the back, with a window on each side. The stage dressed with tables, chairs, &c. Door centre.*

Enter LA RONDE and MADAME LA RONDE.

La R. Madame La Ronde—Madame La Ronde—you shall not go to the ball to-night, I say.

Mad. La R. And I say, Monsieur La Ronde—Monsieur La Rondo—that I will.

La R. But I say no, and my no shall be efficacious; so what signifies talking?

Mad. La R. What signifies talking? why, a great deal.

La R. True, true! it certainly does. It signifies a great deal of noise; for if I ever attempted to discover the longitude, I would have looked for it in a woman's tongue.

Mad. La R. (*Coaxing.*) Nay, now, La Ronde, do let me go to the ball.

La R. Madame La Ronde—no. I am imperative, inexorable—positive and negative.

Mad. La R. But consider—

La R. I do consider—I am a man of the greatest consideration in Spa; and I consider while my auberge of the Cornucopia is full of gentry, come from all parts of this globular world to dance and to drink the waters, that you must stay at home to look after the wine and spirits.

Mad. La R. Spirits! You're such a tyrant that I've no spirits left.

La R. No; and I shall have none left either, if you leave them at the mercy of mercenary waiters. But I tell you, once for all, you shall not go to the ball.

Mad. La R. And, once for all, I will.

La R. Why, this is flat rebellion—high treason—petty larceny!

Mad. La R. Do you think I shall give up my grand pas for your foolish notions? (*Dancing.*)

La R. Oh, your grand pas! I don't care about your grand pas, but it's your captain there, with his gold lace, and his long spurs, and his sword, that clatters so I can scarce hear even you speak. But he has designs, Madame La Ronde—evil designs—pertinacious, contumacious, and anti-connubial designs.

Mad. La R. What, poor Captain La Roue, the most innocent man that ever wore moustachios?

La R. Innocent! Why, he's double my height, and is going his length with all the women at Spa. I tell you, his person is longitudinal, and his principles latitudinarian.

Mad. La R. I don't know anything of longitude and latitude, but the long and the short of it is, to the ball I will go. What, would you debar me from the innocent pleasure of a pironette—(*Pirouettes*)—or the rational delight of a fandango?

(*Dancing.*)

La R. Curse me if you hav'n't discovered the perpetual motion! You are never in a tranquil state for one moment?

Mad. La R. Oh, the delight of the Pas de Chasse—the pleasure of the Pas de Zephyr!

La R. I tell you, these pas will lead you to a faux pas, and who do you think will be the pas then? You sha'n't go!

Mad. La R. I will!

Enter SIR PORUS FILTER, R. H.—crosses to C.

Sir P. (*Placing himself between them.*) Hollo! Quiet, monsieur—soyez tranquille, madam—always quarrelling.

Mad. La R. Only because he's the most ill-natured husband in Spa.

La R. And you the most disputacious minx in Europe.

Sir P. Now, good people, be quiet. Do you think the waters can do me any good, if I am to irritate the nervous system by pacifying your intestine differences? Am I not come here for information and tranquillity—to try the waters, and search for knowledge? Wasn't I shot out of Paris like a musket ball during the three days? Didn't I go to Brussels for peace, and the only piece I found was a firelock? And now that I am swallowing three quarts of water per diem, what good will it do me if you will raise a storm in it by your breezes?

Mad. La R. But, Sir Porus Filter, only hear me—

La R. No, no, Sir Porus, hear me, and you, Madame La Ronde. Why don't you follow the connubial example of No. 6? There's a wife for you. She never thinks of captains and grand pas, nor suffers a thought to verge into pirouettical derelictions from her nuptial duties.

Mad. La R. Aye, but then what a husband! such a fine figure of a man—such a foot for a trenise—such a leg for a pantalon—(*dancing*)—such a figure for a pastorate.

Sir P. By the bye of No. 6—did you take my message?

Mad. La R. Yes, Sir Porus.

Sir P. What—presented my compliments, my kind regards, eh!

Mad. La R. Yes.

Sir P. And they are delighted, no doubt, at my proposal to visit them.

Mad. La R. Not at all, the lady said, like a silly fool—just as my husband pleases.

La R. There's an example!

Sir P. Kind soul, the women always like me. Well, and the husband?

Mad. La R. Flew into a passion, said he hoped he should never see an Englishman again, and told me he would not have come to the Cornucopia if he had known that it was frequented by your countrymen.

Sir P. There it is, now—there's the domestic delight of connubial felicity. From the moment they are made one, they are sure to be two.

La R. Quite oracular, I declare.

Sir P. Did you tell them I was a baronet?

Mad. La R. Oh, yes.

Sir P. That I am the most inquisitive traveller of my country, a perfect German Prince.

Mad. La R. Yes.

Sir P. That I was the greatest water drinker in Europe, had travelled round the globe to taste every Spa in the world, that I had made myself the experimental receptacle of all the minerals in the globe from Barege to the Beulah Spa, till my stomach has become an apt illustration of Moore's beautiful melody of "The Meeting of the Waters."

Mad. La R. I told them all this, Sir Porus, but Monsieur de Merville was absolutely inexorable. Oh, these husbands are the greatest bores in the world.

La R. Thanks, Madame La Ronde.

Mad. La R. And once tied to them, there's no getting rid of them.

Sir P. Then I beg your pardon—in England now, where everything is comfortable—that's a thing you know nothing about—in England there's a remedy for everything.

Mad. La R. What, for a brutal husband?

La R. For a coquettish wife?

Sir P. To be sure—

La R. Oh!

Mad. La R. Oh!

Sir P. Doctors' Commons—

La R. Doctors' Commons—

Sir P. Yes, a little snug place at the top of Ludgate Hill—but poor ignorant souls, you've never travelled. You don't know Ludgate Hill. There, husbands get rid of wives, wives of husbands, in the simplest way in the world, a few affidavits, a few examinations, a great number of fees, and a decree of divorce—quite comfortable—

Mad. La R. A divorce!

Sir P. Then you're put in a corner of the newspaper under the head of "curious particulars" or "delicate investigation." Your names are placarded on the wall in letters as high as Monsieur La Ronde, and your story sold for a penny with all the original love letters.

La R. Quite comfortable.

(Carriage heard without.)

Mad. La R. There, La Ronde, there's an arrival, run directly and receive the travellers, lest they go on to the Green Dragon.

La R. Dragon—'t isn't the only dragon at Spa. Well, well, I go! but mind, Madame La Ronde, no ball to-night, I will not be left to keep house while you are fandangoing it abroad.

[Exit L. H.]

Mad. La R. Ha! ha! but I will go to the ball, though; I can suffer this restraint no longer.

Sir P. Ah—ah, Madame La Ronde, I see how it

is, you detest Monsieur La Ronde, it's as clear as glass of water.

Mad. La R. To tell you the truth, I do.

Sir P. I know it—I am an observer of human nature—have studied it in all situations—you've got another lover, Madame La Ronde.

Mad. La R. I—another lover? No, I ain't, Sir Porus—I would not injure the good-for-nothing fellow for the world, I only want to dance with—

Sir P. With whom?

Mad. La R. With Monsieur La Ronde.

Sir P. And who is this monsieur?

Mad. La R. A captain of Grenadiers, six feet in his stockings, gold epaulettes, and a sword as long as the spit in the Cornucopia. Oh! what a thing it must be to be a captain's lady!

Sir P. Poor La Ronde, I see how it is.

Mad. La R. The captain is a man of honour, and swears that he will never mention love to me, only that his passion for me is stronger than his resolution.

Sir P. Poor La Ronde, I see how this will end.

Mad. La R. And in England, you say, that when one no longer loves one's husband, there's a remedy, eh, Sir Porus?

Sir P. Oh, yes, certainly. (Aside.) And every where else too, I'm afraid, where there's a captain six feet high.

Sir P. And you are determined on going to this ball?

Mad. La R. Fixed as fate.

DUETT.

Mad. La R. When, in the dance,
While sweet the moments flying,
Pleasures advance,
And sorrow steals away,
Then ev'ry glance
Sets all our beaux a-sighing,
Really, from a ball I can never, never
stay.

Sir P. Pretty one, beware,
For dangers will surround you,
Love may set a snare
That you little dream is near,
I'm well aware
If seen, it would confound you,
And were you Lady Porus I should
feel inclined to fear.
(Dancing.—Tol, lol, &c.)

Mad. La R. All you can say
Is no use, I've made my mind up.

Sir P. And you'll have your way,
I can see it in your eyes.

Mad. La R. Out night and day
No more I'll be confined up,
The woman who would suffer it, you
surely must despise.
Fal, lol

Sir P. Then pray take my arm,
And let me be your beaux there,
To guard you from all harm
And do the balancez.

Mad. La R. My husband in alarm,
Has forbidden me to go there,
But should the Captain disappoint,
then perhaps I may.
(Both dancing.—Tol, lol, &c.)

Enter JACQUES, c. d.

Jac. Two gentlemen, a lady, and a child, three servants, and a little dog, just arrived at the Cornueopia, and coming up.

Sir P. Good—new arrivals—what a place is an inn. I'm a man of observation. (*Sits down.*)

Mad. La R. This way ma'am—this way gentlemen.

Enter BELVILLE and HARRIET, c. d.

Bel. (*Speaking off.*) We will see if the apartments suit, and send word directly. (*To Mad. La R.*) 'Tis a fellow-traveller whose infant son requires care and attention. Have you an apartment perfectly quiet?

Mad. La R. Yes sir, here is Number 4, the quietest room in Spa.

Bel. Good! That will do.

Mad. La R. (*To Jaques.*) Jaques, go and show the gentleman and his son up the private staircase into No. 4.

Bel. And now, madame, an apartment for this young lady, and you may lodge me wherever you please.

Sir P. (*Aside.*) They are not married, I perceive.

Mad. La R. No. 5 is the very thing for the young lady—a sitting-room, &c. (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Har. Come, Belville, come and inspect my apartments.

Bel. (*At door, R. H.—No. 5.*) With all my heart.

[*Exeunt Belville, Harriet, and Madame.*]

Sir P. Hum! "Come and inspect my apartments." "With all my heart." There's something more than water drinking in their coming to Spa—I shall presently find out that—they come, too, from Antwerp—I shall gain news, obtain intelligence, and make my observations. Ah! water is the thing to keep one's brain clear.

Clifford. (*Without.*) Where can all the people be? No one answers my repeated calls.

Enter LORD CLIFFORD, No. 4, L. H.

Sir P. What do I see? It is Lord Clifford, my old friend.

Clif. Sir Porus Filter, you here?

Sir P. Yes, analysing and swallowing the waters. How delighted I am to see you after two years absence. But what's the matter, are you ill—come to take the waters? Nothing like water; it filters the constitution, clears the bile, revivifies the liver, and lengthens one's days.

Clif. No, my infant son, who is ill, and at this moment requires a physician.

Sir P. We'll have one directly. (*Rings the bell.*) We'll soon cure him here. He shall drink a quart the first morning and gradually ascend to the gallon. Why, he was but eighteen months old when I quitted England—his amiable mother must be prodigiously afflicted.

Clif. (*Sorrowfully.*) His mother.

Sir P. How is she? How is Lady Clifford? still as handsome, and you as much in love, as ever, I have no doubt. Ah, Clifford, how I envied you, I never saw you and Lady Clifford together without feeling queer. I didn't like her foreign education, but you seemed so happy that if I hadn't calmed myself with the Cheltenham waters—I really think I shall come home a Benedict myself.

Clif. (*Impatiently.*) Where can these waiters be? I am impatient for a physician.

Sir P. (*Ringings again.*) They'll be here in a

moment. But Lady Clifford—you don't tell me how she is—will she drink the waters?—I quite long to see her—you know I always admired her.

Clif. (*Impatiently.*) Thank ye, thank ye, Sir Porus.

Sir P. Why, you seem angry; I suppose that my not writing for two years may have offended, but recollect, my friend, I was always on the highway—always drinking the waters.

Enter JACQUES, c. d.

Clif. Run directly, bring the most eminent physician in the place.

Jaques. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, c. d.*]

Sir P. (*Calling after him.*) Fetch the physician to the well, I always recommend him to the sick.

Clif. Pardon me, Sir Porus, I must return to my child, but I will rejoin you presently.

Sir P. My kindest regards to Lady Clifford.

Clif. Lady Clifford—always Lady Clifford!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir P. Mighty queer—there's something wrong—I must find it out—a little mad I should think. He must take a double dose of the waters, they'll settle his brain. Water in the brain settles most people.

Enter BELVILLE, HARRIET and MADAME LA RONDE, R. H.

Har. The apartment will do extremely well.

Mad. La R. It shall be got ready immediately, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Sir P. Welcome to Spa. If there's anything that I can do I'm quite at your service. I gratify a natural penchant for mineral waters by travelling from one watering place to another. The fact is that I was born on a water party in a steamboat in a shower of rain, water above, below, a very world of waters around me, and I've been a great water drinker ever since. I've analysed every Spa in Europe, know the number of animalculæ you swallow in a goblet; and shall be happy to be your guide to the Spa.

Har. Quite an original, I declare!

Bel. Sir, to imitate your frankness, our tastes do not assimilate. You like water—I wine. You like locomotion, I am sedentary; my laughing cousin here alone has had the influence to make me quit England. She went to Antwerp. She said if she was not worth fetching she was not worth having. I flew at the hint, and was on the point of accomplishing all my wishes, when they commenced the bombardment of Antwerp, for the mere purpose of preventing my marriage.

Har. Nonsense, Cousin George!

Sir P. Quite natural to celebrate your wedding with a ball—a bombardment. How I envy you!

Har. Envy us for what, pray?

Sir P. The fine sight—the *coup d'œil*—the great noise, madam! I have a natural desire to hear and see everything. Then the ball, sweeping through the air like a comet in a fine parabolic curve—the quick transit from the roof to the cellar without the trouble of coming down stairs. Then it ends with a tremendous explosion. Quite delightful!

Har. Oh, Very delightful! Why, it frightened me out of my wits, and I don't think Cousin George was much better.

Bel. I was alarmed for your safety, my sweet cousin.

Sir P. Well, you are safe enough, and I shall be happy to accompany you to the pump-room, and drink a quart to our better acquaintance. There's nothing like these watering places for meeting and making friends. Just now, for instance, I most unexpectedly met my old friend, Lord Clifford.

Har. Lord Clifford is my guardian—

Sir P. Your guardian? What, are you Miss Harriet Beauchamp? *(Crosses to her on R.)*

Bel. The same, an orphan confided by her father to the care of Lord Clifford. Circumstances and her education abroad has kept them separate till lately, but the short period she has known him has served to strengthen the bonds of duty with a firm attachment to her guardian.

Sir P. He's the best fellow in Europe, and if he would drink a little more water he would be a little more jolly, and not look so melancholy. But I must be off, or the old ladies won't drink their usual quantum. I lecture every day at the well on the virtues of the water, and, unlike other lecturers, I follow up my precepts by example, and swallow a gallon by way of practical illustration, to the great edification of the ladies. Women and water for ever!

[Exit.]

Har. A curious sort of gentleman, and the most communicative I have ever met.

Bel. A friend of your guardian. We cannot object to his overtures; but, my dear Harriet, if I could place you under the protection of some person of your own sex I should be much easier.

Enter MADAME LA RONDE, overhearing, L. H.

Mad. La R. There is nothing more easy, sir. The young lady who lives with her husband in No. 6 is anxious for society without mixing with the parties in the place. Oh, sir! such a husband and wife—so happy, so domestic, so connubial. There never was anything like it. There's no merit in being good when one has a good husband.

Har. But they are strangers to us.

Mad. La R. Oh, Monsieur and Madame De Merville will be quite delighted with your society.

Bel. De Merville! Oh, he's an old acquaintance of mine. I heard he had married an English lady of great beauty and accomplishments.

Mad. La R. Here comes Madame De Merville herself.

*Enter MADAME DE MERVILLE from
No. 6, R. S. E.*

Madame, a party newly arrived would be happy in the pleasure of knowing you and monsieur.

(Madame De Merville smiles and salutes them.)

Bel. I beg pardon, madam, for thus introducing myself, but the name of De Merville recalls to my memory an old and esteemed fellow-traveller, with whom, some two years since, I travelled through Italy.

Mad. De M. Have I the pleasure of seeing Mr. George Belville? Believe me, sir, you are not forgotten by Monsieur De Merville. He often speaks of you with pleasure, and will be delighted at again meeting you.

Bel. I am grateful for his recollection, and since I am not entirely unknown to you, pray permit me to solicit your temporary protection for my cousin, Miss Harriet Beauchamp. A happier man than

myself—I find De Merville has at length obtained the hand of her he loved to distraction. It is my lot yet only to hope for the same happiness.

Mad. De M. (Going between them.) You are welcome, Miss Beauchamp; consider me, I pray you, as a friend.

Mad. La R. Oh, there's nothing like a virtuous woman to be the protector of a young lady.

Mad. De M. (Embarrassed.) At any rate you will find in my bosom a sympathy for your troubles. Our own union was for a long time opposed by obstacles which appeared to be insurmountable, and two months have scarcely elapsed since I have been the happy wife of him whom I had loved, and who had loved me, for five long years without hope.

Har. Five years, Cousin George, do you hear that?

Mad. De M. Judge, Mr. Belville! judge, Miss Beauchamp! what must have been his indignation and my grief, when another man without scruple or regard for my feelings, availed himself of parental authority to obtain my hand, which became his while my heart was another's.

Har. Married to another!—Oh, George! George!—what are our little miseries compared to this?

Mad. De M. Edward, whom I had at first known during my residence in Paris, was absent—I was deceived by false reports—my father took advantage of a momentary fit of indignation, and at sixteen threw me into the arms of a man I detested.

Har. And you have had the good fortune—I mean misfortune—to become a widow thus early?

Mad. De R. (Equivocally.) From the moment that I regained my freedom, I have realized all the dreams of happiness of my early life.

Mad. De M. Ah, here comes monsieur.

[Exit.]

Enter DE MERVILLE, C. D., with an open letter.)

De M. (Stopping, astonished.) Emmeline with company?

Mad. De M. Edward! my dear Edward! you are come in time to renew and welcome an old acquaintance, and pay your devoirs to his betrothed wife.

De M. (Coldly.) Ah, Mr. Belville; I am glad to see you.

Bel. Compelled to fly from Antwerp at the very moment of my marriage, I esteem myself happy in being able to place my future wife under the protection of Madame De Merville.

De M. Under Madame De Merville's protection—but Emmeline is so young.

Har. (Aside.) Your friend does not seem very glad to see us, I think.

Mad. De M. But my dear Edward, your mother and your sister will soon be here, and then—

De M. (Crushing a letter which he has open in his hand.) My mother and sister are not coming!

Mad. De M. (Agitated.) Ah, not coming?

Bel. (Apart.) Something annoys him.

De M. (Perceiving his wife distressed, and making an effort to appear calm.) But never mind, my love, we will do our best to replace them with other friends. *(To Belville.)* Rest assured, my dear Belville, it will give me the greatest pleasure to be of service to you. *(Looks at Harriet.)* Upon my word, George, I congratulate you upon so fair a bride.

Har. (Aside.) He's not quite so unamiable as I at first supposed.

Bel. We are here with the guardian of my Harriet, and under the auspices of yourself and

Madame De Merville, we can accomplish our marriage.

Har. Oh, don't be in a hurry, Cousin George; since our marriage has been delayed by such an extraordinary adventure as a bombardment, I think there must be something more in it than mere accident, and I shall take time to consider of it, lest the next time we attempt to join our hands, the city be blown up. The hardship of our case. The destiny of a woman affords her but one solitary chance of happiness; the lot once drawn, should it prove a blank, she is miserable for ever. For it is but seldom that any of us, like you Madame De Merville, are permitted a second chance in the lottery of matrimony.

(Madame De Merville starts.)

De M. (Aside.) What do I hear? Is it possible they can know?

Bel. (To Harriet.) My destiny is in your hands, all I desire is that you should find your own happiness while constituting mine.

Har. Very prettily spoken. In the meantime, I hear at Spa, you have balls, breakfasts, fêtes, and promenades, to which Madame De Merville will accompany me; we will introduce you to our guardian, and to a curious new acquaintance we have formed here already—an English Baronet.

De M. An Englishman!—No, no—I do not wish to—(Perceiving Belville's astonishment.)—pardon me, Belville, you always knew how little predilection I have for your countrymen—but you know very well it has never extended to yourself.

Enter JAQUES, c. d.

Jaq. The physician's arrived and waiting.

[Exit.

Har. Ah, 'tis for the young son of my guardian—my friend as well as guardian—still suffering misery for the loss of a beloved wife; he dreads the death of the child, who is his only consolation for the loss of his mother. Come, cousin, we must go to him and add our cares of the little invalid to his own.

De M. Farewell, Belville, reckon upon our best services.

[Exeunt Belville and Harriett, L. H. D. No. 4.

De M. My beloved Emmeline, I quite rejoice at this unforeseen occurrence—an amiable and young creature like Miss Beauchamp, will relieve the ennui of your retirement.

Mad De M. Ennui—I know it not—no—in your dear society, Edward, I find all my dreams of happiness completely realized.

De M. (Tenderly.) Dear Emmeline!

Mad. De M. Ah! how well can the love that is founded on truth compensate for any and every sacrifice it may make for its enjoyment.

De M. My sweet friend, you know well how dearly I prize you—that you are my only good on earth. But I would have others render justice to the woman I love, and I have trembled lest those who do not know the goodness of your heart as I do, might not appreciate you as you deserve. I am therefore doubly grateful to Belville for confiding his future wife to your care—for he has heard of your first marriage, it seems—perhaps you told him yourself—

Mad. De M. He knows that I was married before!

De M. And that—

Mad. De M. (Trembling.) And that I regained my freedom—

De M. That our love, boundless as it was, overleaped the conventional barriers of society, and enabled us to brave public opinion.

Mad. De M. Edward, don't blame me. My love for you is my happiness—oh! why cannot it also be my pride?—Pardon me, Edward, I had not the courage to blush before your friend—I did not dare acknowledge that your companion—your wife—had been ever guilty.

De M. How! is he ignorant then that a divorce—

Mad. De M. He knows not that my first husband yet lives—he thinks I had a legitimate right to be happy, and I did not dare to tell at what price my happiness was purchased.

De M. And when he knows the truth—

Mad. De B. But he will not know it—we are here almost unknown—our secret is safe.

De M. But to deceive—to exist in falsehood—to say the thing that is not. Do you think of that, Emmeline? (De Melville goes up to chair, and sits.)

Mad. De M. Am I then to be condemned either to see you blush for me in society, or to suffer in solitude? Is my power to charm you into serenity gone? Have you forgotten when you swore that a smile from the lips of Emmeline could chase away every care—and are not my smiles the same? Have you forgotten when the notes of my harp and the tones of my voice would recall you from your fits of despondency, and restore you to happiness—and is not my harp and voice still the same, Edward?

De M. Yes, yes, my love, your influence—your charms, and my affections are the same. (Rises.)

Mad. De M. Then let us leave your friend in ignorance of an error of which I was not the cause.

De M. Supposing this to be possible, Emmeline, do you think I could lead a life of falsehood? No, no, when my passion for you made me break through the unjust prejudices of society to rescue you from a husband who was odious to you, and rendered you miserable—we were compelled to sacrifice some of the world's good opinion—but our subsequent conduct must be such as will induce it one day to restore us to its esteem, and, I acknowledge, the esteem of others as well as that of my own is almost as necessary to my happiness as your love. I must, therefore, have no mystery, no falsehood; I will tell Belville the truth, and if it is necessary we will depart instantly.

Mad. De M. But should he consent to leave Miss Beauchamp with me and that I shall chaperon her into society?

De M. Into society? To see you avoided by people of severe morality, and courted only by the frivolous and profligate. (Crosses to L. H.)

Mad. De M. I am content. Let us depart instantly. They will think some sudden business has called us away—some letter—(Recollecting.) When you came in you had some in your hand. What do they say? Your sister does not come, she avoids me—alas! I feared it.

De M. (Trying to smile.) Oh, she will return to us some day at no distinct period.

Mad. De M. (Approaches the table where the letters lay.) Ah, your mother's letter, I dare not read it. There are some yet unopened.

De M. Open them, my love, and let this mark of my confidence make up for my ill-humour.

Mad. De M. (Opens letter.) It's a letter from Antwerp. It has followed us from Paris. (Opens it, and shrieks.) Ah, it is from himself!

De M. From whom? You turn pale.

Mad. De M. From the husband I have deserted.

(Crosses to L. H.)

De M. Cruel and vindictive man, what more would he have? I will not suffer his insolent triumph longer. (*Reads.*) "Lord Clifford does not wish to retain anything that has ever belonged to Madame de Merville, he, therefore, encloses a deed by means of which she will be paid the amount of that sum which he settled on her five years since. In naming the father of Madame de Merville as her trustee in the care of this property, Lord Clifford is influenced by a sincere desire of affording her an opportunity of being reconciled to a parent so justly esteemed and respected."

(Crushes the letter in a fury.)

Mad. De M. What generosity!

De M. He does it to triumph over me! It is his pride to humble me!

Mad. De M. Nay, nay; a nobler motive—

De M. (*With bitterness.*) You seem to have a very exalted opinion of him, madam. To owe anything to a man who regards us with contempt—

Mad. De M. I will refuse the gift. Edward, tell me—do you love me?

De M. Love you!

Mad. De M. Well, then, what is to us the opinion of the world?

De M. But why this act, if not to humble me? For this man has no quality of heart that could dictate such a gift. Have you not told me he had no soul, no sentiment—that he loved you not—and that when you determined to quit him, did not he himself accelerate the divorce?

Mad. De M. True, he loved me not—all my actions were indifferent to him. He consented to our separation without a sigh. So cold and insensible seemed his heart, that I tremble for the child that the law compelled me to leave to his care. But your will shall be mine. I shall send back the deed. Mention it no more.

(Sits at table, L. H., and reads the deed.)

Enter LA RONDE, c. door.

La R. Oh, dear sir—and dear ma'am—I'm half mad!

Mad. De M. What's the matter, La Ronde?

La R. The matter! Why, ma'am, it is an incomprehensible matter, and exceeds credibility. My wife, ma'am—Madame La Ronde—is in love!

Mad. De M. In love—with you, of course.

La R. With me! No—that would be in course—but with another man; and that is out of course—erratic—love with a long Captain of Grenadiers! And this English water-drinker has told her that in England there is a mutation of husbands, and transmutation of affection, and that there she could put me off and connubialize with the long Captain, and get a di—di—divorcee!

Mad. De M. (*Disturbed.*) What! would your wife wish for a divorce?

La R. Divorcee—you've hit it!

Mad. De M. Well, and what can we do in such a case?

La R. What shall I do in such a case? Why, if madame would only speak to her—would only enter into an argumentative refutation of the falsity of the principle, and just hint how wicked it will be to desert her husband and child—

Mad. De M. Good heavens!

La R. I, that rocked the cradle while she danced quadrilles, and turned the spit while she galloped—and a child whose precious precocity

already said "Pa," and "Ma," and "Ta"—and now to leave such a husband and child for a sad scoundrel of a fellow!

De M. There, Emmeline—for a scoundrel, you hear. She must be sorry to leave a husband for a bad man. You had better speak to her.

La R. Oh, when I call him a scoundrel, it is not that I know him; but when a man uses any pertinacious endeavour to seduce a meretricious wife from her loyal allegiance to her lawful spouse, and tempts her to quit her husband and child—

Mad. De M. Perhaps he feels that he can make her happy.

La R. Happy? Nonsense! Can't I make her happy? Tell her, madame, that the man himself must despise her.

Mad. De M. La Ronde!

La R. Yes, madame; pray impress that upon her mental faculties.

Mad. De M. I tell her such a thing?

La R. Yes; and that her new husband will never trust her, and will always be thinking that if she has lent a willing ear to one lover, she may not be deaf to another.

Mad. De M. (*Aside.*) Good heavens! can this be meant as a warning to me?

De M. Enough, La Ronde! Leave us!

La R. I will run and send Madame La Ronde, under the pretence of bringing something; and you'll tell her all this, won't you, ma'am?

De M. (*Aside.*) Are we never to be at peace? Is our crime to meet us at every turn?

(Goes to chair, R. H., seats himself, and buries his head in his hands.)

La R. You won't forget, madame?

Mad. De M. Forget? Oh, no!

(La Ronde remains at the front of the stage. Madame De Merville fixes her eyes mournfully at her husband.)

Mad. De M. (*Approaching him, L. H.*) Edward, my love, you look serious.

De M. (*Pettishly.*) I cannot always have a smile upon my lips!

Mad. De M. You are angry, my Edward. (*Goes round the chair—kisses.*) Do you already regret?

De M. (*Rising and attempting to shake off his sadness.*) Regret? Oh, no! I am wrong, my Emmeline! Pray pardon me! (*Embraces her.*)

La R. Aye; there's a happy couple, now!

De M. I will take a turn on the parade, my Emmeline, and return in better spirits.

[Exit, door c.]

La R. And I will send Madame La Ronde to you. You, who have made so good and virtuous a wife, will do your best to preserve mine.

[Exit, L. H. 3.]

Mad. De M. He has left me sad and sorrowful! Everything of late has tended to give me pain. Yet I am Edward's wife; and he sometimes appears happy—only sometimes! Is it come to this? Lord Clifford's letter has affected him. What generosity!—how different from what I expected! But no mention of my child! Alas! alas! have I not deserted him?

Enter SIR PORUS FILTER, c. d.

Sir P. Another woman, I declare—the wife of the husband who hates my countrymen! I'll attack her! Madame!—Madame!

Mad. De M. That voice! Sir Porus Filter!

Sir P. My Lady Clifford!

Mad. De M. (Aside.) Then he knows not what has happened!

Sir P. A thousand pardons, my lady; come to take the waters I presume—and excellent they are for all sorts of complaints. (*Madame de Merville going.*) Nay, nay, after two years' absence you must not quit me without a little gossip. But what is the matter?

Mad. De M. Oh, nothing, nothing!

Sir P. Your husband's conduct gives me some uneasiness.

Mad. De M. My husband!

Sir P. Yes; he seemed to avoid me, and he looked changed and pale; but I told him the waters would soon bring him round. You must make him drink a gallon a-day.

Mad. De M. My husband ill! What do you mean, Sir Porus?

Sir P. Mean; why, that Lord Clifford looked pale, and I am sure something has happened.

Mad. De M. Lord Clifford!

Sir P. Yes; I scarcely knew him. But never mind, with the care we will take of him, and the waters, we'll soon cure him. You mustn't let him quarrel with me because I didn't write.

Mad. De M. (Aside.) Clifford here — horrible situation!

(*Going out is met by HARRIET and BELVILLE—L. H. door, No. 5.*)

Har. Ah! My dear madam, I am delighted to meet you; I want you to accompany me to the promenade. Ah! Our new acquaintance, I see, has introduced himself.

Sir P. Oh, we are old acquaintances; this lady's husband is my old friend, and upon that I offer her my arm for a walk to the well.

Mad. De M. Excuse me; I cannot—indeed I cannot walk. (*Going up stage.*)

Sir P. There — there's a reception for an old friend now!

Bel. (Aside to Har.) I dare swear now that he scarcely knows her husband at all; one of those impudent intruders who pretend intimacy with everybody.

Har. (Aside.) Likely enough.

Enter MONSIEUR DE MERVILLE, c. door.

De M. People still here.

Mad. De M. (Aside.) Edward, here! what shall I do?

Har. We were proposing a walk.

Sir P. Ah! what, this gentleman is of your party. Come, let's be off to the waters.

Bel. (Aside to Harriett.) There, I told you he did not know him. I'll quiz him. (*Going round to Sir Porus.*) So, sir, you know this lady's husband intimately—eh?

Sir P. Oh, he's an intimate friend.

Mad. De M. What does he say?

Bel. (Aside to Monsieur de Merville.) Hush; leave him to me, I'll settle him.

Mad. De M. (Expressing to Monsieur De Merville.) I knew this gentleman in England.

De M. In England!

Bel. (To Sir Porus.) And how long, pray, sir, is it since you have seen this intimate friend?

Sir P. About two years, but I find him wonderfully changed.

Har. Eh—so much changed that I dare say you would not know him?

Sir P. Oh, no! not quite so bad as that; I knew him instantly when I met him just now.

Mad De M. How—just now?

Sir P. He looks ten years older; but then he has not stuck to the waters as I have.

Mad De M (Aside.) Oh; torture! (*Sits.*)

Bel. What, you've seen him lately—eh?

Sir P. To be sure I have. Why, what's the matter with you all? Now if you would but stick to the water, this would never happen. (*To Monsieur De Merville.*) You, I understand, don't like the English; but that is no reason why I should not talk to the wife of my old friend here.

(*Addressing Madame De Merville.*)

De M. Sir, I beg—

Mad. De M. What will become of me?

Bel. The wife of your friend—why, of whom do speak—

Sir P. Who—why, you know him as well as I do—Lord Clifford, to be sure.

Har. Of my guardian.

Bel. Lord Clifford!

Sir P. To be sure, and here he comes to answer for himself.

Enter LORD CLIFFORD, door L. H., No. 4.

Sir P. You've just come in time, my lord, for there seems here a *quid pro quo* which I don't understand. (*Lord Clifford starts and would retire, but is retained by Sir Porus.*) Why, you tremble, my lord—your hand is cold—you have not taken the waters this morning.

Har. (Looks at Madame De Merville.) What can all this mean? She turns pale. (*Supporting Madame De Merville.*) Are you acquainted with my guardian?

Mad. De M. Let me retire. The sight of him is too much.

Sir P. Eh—how—what, Lady Clifford and her husband parted?

Bel.

and } Lady Clifford!

Har. }

Mad De M. Oh! Clifford—a divorce, Clifford—do not curse me.

Clif. I have no curses but for my own hard fate.

De M. (Approaching his wife.) Madame de Merville, recover yourself. (*Harriet, Belville, and Sir Porus start.*) I shrink not from the situation in which we are placed. Forced to marry Lord Clifford, while her heart was mine—is it to be wondered at when she found herself deceived that she should return to her first and only attachment? She is now my wife!

Sir P. His wife! I am astonished. I wish I had a glass of water!

[*Exit c. d.—Miss Beaumont moves away from Madame De Merville.*]

De M. (Takes Lord Clifford to the front of the stage.) I am ready, my lord, to give you the only satisfaction in my power; name the time and place. My life taken by your hands will balance all accounts between us—for you will then also have deprived me of Emmeline.

Clif. (With dignity.) A duel! no, sir, I refuse your challenge. The miseries of the heart can receive no satisfaction. But I pardon you, sir, and you too, madame, if my forgiveness can restore to you any portion of that tranquillity you have lost, it is yours from my heart. (*To Belville, Miss Beau-*

mont, and Sir Porus.) Follow me, my friends, I came to seek you.

[*Exeunt Lord Clifford, Belville, Miss Beaumont, and Sir Porus. Madame de Merville remains seated in sorrowful silence anxiously watching Monsieur de Merville.*]

De M. He quits me, with his heart of ice, quits me with his offensive, his insulting forgiveness. I have afforded him another triumph! but he shall not escape me, I will publicly provoke him.

Mad. De M. Good heavens, Edward! is it you who speak thus? you, my Edward? The generosity of Lord Clifford ought not to irritate you thus.

De M. His praises from your lips!—there wanted but this. Oh, doubtless he is all that is noble and generous. I have deprived you of rank and fortune; he alone watches over your future welfare, while I prevent your accepting the benefit he offers you.

Mad. De M. (With sweetness.) Have I ever said so, Edward?

De M. True, you have not said it yet; but at some future day, when repentance for what has past shall come too late.—Perhaps, if I could read your heart—

Mad. De M. Is it not always open to you? can you think me capable of artifice or falsehood?

De M. I know not what to think.

Mad. De M. Good heavens! and is it you who speak thus, Edward? Edward, your pride is offended, and you forget yourself—forget me! I have not in the world one object of affection save yourself! Family, friends, society, all—all have been renounced. The respectable part of my own sex shun me, and I cannot associate with others. Oh, Edward, my husband! reproach me not; if we cease to love, what is there remains to us on earth?

De M. Love! Is love sufficient for a whole existence? Is the esteem of mankind—is self-esteem nothing? Unhappy indeed is he who braves public opinion.

Mad. De M. Ah, Edward, you did not argue thus formerly!

De M. To fear to look anyone in the face, to start at every accidental meeting—'tis dreadful! I cannot bear it! (Rings violently.)

Enter LA RONDE, at No. 3.

Post-horses directly!

La R. Post-horses?

De M. Yes; Madame de Merville departs instantly.

Mad. De M. I—and without you, Edward?

De M. Emmeline, it must be so! I must remain for a short time, but I will soon rejoin you.

Mad. De M. I cannot part thus—

De M. I will not have you stay here a minute longer. If you value my happiness—if my peace of mind is dear to you—you will depart instantly. I would not for the world that you met or spoke with him again!

Mad. De M. (Submissively.) I am ready to obey you.

De M. (To La Ronde, who appears lost in astonishment.) Well, sir, have I not ordered horses?

La R. Yes, sir; certainly, sir.

Enter HARRIET BEAUCHAMP, door L. H., No. 4.

Har. Monsieur La Ronde, Lord Clifford desires post-horses immediately.

La R. Lord Clifford! Lord! Why, all my guests are starting simultaneously!

De M. Clifford again! His cursed name pursues me everywhere. Retire to your apartment; and you, La Ronde, the horses.

[Exit through door at back.]

Har. Why do you not execute my orders?

La R. Why, madame, I am afraid I shall execute the young gentleman at the same time. The child is too ill to travel.

(Madame de Merville, who was proceeding directly towards her chamber, stops suddenly.)

Mad. De M. Ill?—a child ill!

La R. Yes, the son of Lord Clifford—a beautiful boy, only four years old.

Mad. De M. (In great agony.) My son!

(Approaches the door of Lord Clifford's apartment.)

Har. Quick! Quick, Monsieur La Ronde!

La R. Well, if I must, I must.

[Exit, door at back.]

Mad. De M. Oh, Miss Beauchamp! This child! It is my son! He is on a bed of sickness.

Har. Rest assured, madam, Lord Clifford has for him all the care and attention of the most tender mother.

Mad. De M. A mother! Oh, Miss Beauchamp, 'tis a mother—a guilty mother—sues with her prayers. Permit me to see my child.

Har. I dare not. My guardian has forbidden—

Mad. De M. Forbidden me to see my child?

Har. He has left a general order that none shall approach his son during his absence. But he will be here presently, and your request will no doubt be granted. (Crosses, R. H.)

Mad. De M. Oh, Miss Beauchamp! supplicate for me and pity her who had not sufficient reason to resist the violence of her love. [Exit Harriet into Lord Clifford's apartment, No. 4.] I have sacrificed everything to love. Will it—can it bestow any happiness equal to what it has cost me. I already tremble to read the heart of Edward, should he cease to love me—but I will not think it. It cannot be! I have nothing left but his love; not even my child—my child! He is there, suffering and ill, and I, his mother, dare not approach him. My crime separates me from him. (Approaches the door.) From another he must receive the cares a mother alone ought to bestow, and hers will be caresses which belong of right to me. (Looks round, and seeing herself unobserved, kneels and clasps her hands in prayer.) Oh, God, protect my child! Listen to the prayer of a mother—a guilty mother—and protect my child!

Enter LORD CLIFFORD, door No. 4., who overhears the prayer.

Clif. Emmeline!

(With emotion.)

Mad. De M. Oh, heavens!

Clif. (Resuming his calmness.) You here, madam?

Mad. De M. Pardon—pardon—but my child is there—let that plead my excuse. (Getting bolder as she proceeds.) Oh, my lord, think what it is to lose an only child—and—and permit me once more to embrace him:

Clif. It pains me, madam, to refuse you—but it is impossible—

Mad. De M. Impossible!

Clif. This dear child—this infant was your gift.

He is to me all that remains of life and happiness.

Mad. De M. Well?

Clif. He imagines that death has deprived him of his mother—

Mad. De M. (With a look of despair.) Ah—death!

Clif. When you—quitted him—he already knew—already loved you—he sought for—he called his mother—I had not the courage to reveal the truth, for as he increased in years and knowledge, I would have the name of his mother sacred in his eye—dear to his memory.

Mad. De M. (Extremely affected.) Is this possible! my lord—my lord—I have nothing more to say than to bless you for your generous conduct, and to bid you farewell for ever—respected and beloved in the society you adorn—oh—may you live happy, and forget that you were ever united to the unhappy Emmeline.

Clif. Happy—you would say happy—

Mad. De M. (Weeping.) Alas!

Clif. Oh, say you are happy—my heart longs to believe that your happiness at least has been purchased at the expence of mine.

Mad. De M. This from you, my lord,—from you whom I considered cold—indifferent?

Clif. Indifferent—cold—how have you misunderstood my heart. In these last moments of our meeting I must explain all. In receiving your hand, I was ignorant that your heart had been devoted to another. Your father said it was willingly given—you appeared satisfied—you hurried on our union—nothing indicated regret. Once, and only once, I doubted, but you dispelled these doubts with a smile, and when I did learn your fatal secret, it was too late. I yet trusted by care and assiduous attention to win your love, but when you frankly told me you could not be happy with me—that you loved another.—Did I hesitate? From that moment you were no longer mine—I made the sacrifice complete.

Mad. De M. What do I hear? Oh, tell me not this!—you permitted me to leave you without regret?

Clif. Without regret! To lose the delicious hours I passed in your society—to renounce the chosen companion of my life—no longer to hear that voice upon whose accents I hung delighted—to contemplate that figure the object of my adoration! To know that another enjoyed that bliss, and that she loved that other—

Mad. De M. (Whose agitation increases during the whole scene.) Good Heavens! have I been so blind, so culpable?

Clif. Without regret, when a single hour of my Emmeline's love would have sufficed for my happiness.

Mad. De M. Oh, for pity's sake, in pity to the guilty Emmeline, say not so—you consented.

Clif. To sacrifice all for you.

Mad. De M. You were cold, indifferent—

Clif. I was in despair.

Mad. De M. You lov'd her not—

Clif. I adored her. (Both remain silent.)

Mad. De M. Is this possible?

Clif. Your tears have forced the secret from my wretched heart. Had I seen Madame De Merville happy, brilliant, beautiful, I had preserved my courage, but to find Emmeline pale and trembling and in tears, my heart has spoken in spite of myself.

Mad. De M. Oh, pardon, Sydney—pardon for Lady Clifford.

Clif. Alas!—it is Madame De Merville—there is no Lady Clifford, but I would not have one wish of Emmeline's unaccomplished that I can gratify. You shall see your child. A veil will prevent his recognising you. You shall hear his voice; you will find his mother's resemblance in his infant features, and that will be your best guarantee of my tenderness for him.

Mad. De M. Oh, I have for two years so ardently longed to behold my child—I cannot resist.

Clif. Come then, and as you hang over the cradle of the child, I will try to imagine that I once more see Lady Clifford. (Lady Clifford crosses, L. H.) 'Tis only a momentary pleasure. The rest of my life must be devoted to misery.

(As he leads her into his apartment, SIR POROUS FILTER, enters and observes them.)

Sir P. Yes, it is, as I see clear. It was Lord Clifford and my Lady—no—Madame De Merville—together. Well I've a turn for curiosities—and this is certainly one. The effect of the waters no doubt,—he!—he!—he!

Enter LA RONDE at back.

La R. Sir Porus! Sir Porus! How can you laugh? why, you turned the house topsy-turvy—First, through you I shall lose my wife.

Sir P. Which is a gain, my friend—the countenances of all the husbands seem in the same state of despair—Take some of the waters.

La R. My wife drives everything out of my head—my very sign puts me in mind of misfortune—and the Cornucopia makes me as sick as the pharmacopia—but Monsieur De Merville's waiting below for madame—I must send her—

(Approaching her apartment.)

Sir P. Oh, she's not there—you need not trouble yourself.

La R. Why I have not seen her go out—

Sir P. I say, La Ronde, what would you say if she was there. (Pointing to No 4.)

La R. What with her first husband.

Sir P. Just so—quite natural—old habit, you know—after Spa—now—I shall go back to Cheltenham—variety, you know.

La R. Hush—here comes the new husband.

Enter MONSIEUR DE MERVILLE at back.

De M. Well, La Ronde—where's Madame De Merville? Why don't you answer me?

La R. (To Sir Porus.) Shall I tell him?

Sir P. (To La Ronde.) Yes; I daresay he's a philosopher, and I'll get a glass of water ready, if he's taken ill.

De M. Where is Madame De Merville, I say? What means this look, so stupidly mysterious? Will you speak, I say?

La R. Oh, certainly, sir; for there's nobody can sympathize better with your situation than myself. Sir Porus, here, is the witness. For my own part, I've seen nothing.

De M. I lose all patience. Pray, sir, will you explain?

Sir P. Why, sir, I confess at all the watering-places that I have visited—and I have been at them all, and drank all the waters from Cheltenham to—

De M. Where—where, I say, is Madame De Merville? (La Ronde points to No. 4.) In that apartment? Is it not the apartment of Lord Clifford?

La R. Most certainly, sir.

De M. 'Tis false! You dare not tell me she is there! I'll not believe it!

Sir P. Don't—'tis far the wisest plan upon all such occasions.

(Door of No. 4 opens, and MADAME DE MERVILLE appears.)

De M. The door opens!

La R. There, sir, I told you no lie.

Sir P. (To La Ronde.) I should think the explanation would be rather warm. We'd better retire. The waters will put all to rights.

[Exit with La Ronde.]

De M. (With severity.) Some one comes—I tremble—'tis herself! Whence come you?

Mad. De M. (Trembling.) I come—I have been—

De M. You cannot answer me—you are agitated—I see it all!

Mad De M. Heaven is my witness!

De M. Nay, swear not. Vows are not sacred with you, madame!

MADAME LA RONDE appears at the window.

Mad. La R. Ah! A quarrel between them. I must listen.

De M. Did I not forbid—

Mad. De M. Oh, pardon me! It was but to embrace my child.

De M. Your child? Lord Clifford's child?

Mad. De M. But am I not its mother?

De M. For you have I not quitted mine?

Mad. De M. Edward—

De M. Emmeline, we have bought a happiness which it is impossible to enjoy. Hope has given place to remorse and regret; they alone must be our portion now.

Mad. De M. And this is he for whom I have deserted a virtuous husband and a beloved child! You, Edward, who was the cause of my crime, would you become the instrument of my punishment?

De M. No; my determination is taken! Emmeline, I have loved you passionately—loved you—

Mad. De M. Have loved!

De M. But had you better known my character, you would have resisted the influence of my passion. In spite of love, I have suffered torture from the absence of my mother and my friends. I have shrunk from the loss of public esteem and respect, without which life is to me valueless. I am unkind to you because you enjoy no station, no consideration in society; and my pride has revolted at our

daily humiliation. Such is the truth. Now ask yourself if there is any happiness for us!

(Crosses to L. H.)

Mad. La R. (Aside at the window.) What a terrible temper!

Mad. De M. Is it from his lips I hear these cruel words? It is too much! I have no strength, no heart to reply. Leave me, Edward! Quit me! I will hear no more! Quit me, I beseech you!

(Sits R. H.—Seats herself at the table.)

De M. You now know all; the rest of my life must be devoted to misery!

[Exit, door at back.]

Mad. De M. (Struck by the last words.) The rest of his life devoted to misery! The very words of Clifford. But he whom I have so grossly injured—he pardoned me! But from Edward only bitter reproaches—Edward, whom I have loved so much!

Mad La R. (Coming forward.) Ah, madame, I have heard all. How you must suffer from the cruelty of Monsieur de Merville!

Mad. De M. I suffer more from the kindness of Lord Clifford.

Mad. La R. Perhaps, then, madam, you regret—

Mad. De M. Regret!—my soul is filled with remorse. But I am now the wife of Monsieur De Merville. I must suffer and not complain.

Enter LA RONDE, at c. d.

La R. A note for madame.

Mad. De M. What do I see? Edward's hand! (Reads.) "My position is unsupportable. I do not accuse you—I pity you; but I curse myself. My fortune is yours. I fly—I know not where—perhaps to death! Farewell for ever!" What does he mean? (A carriage is heard.) Ah, he flies! Oh, stay, stay! Heavens! it is too late!

(Crosses to L. H.)

La R. (Looking out of one window.) Oh! he's off like a cannon-ball—there's no stopping him!

(Another carriage is heard.)

Mad. De M. Ah! perhaps he returns—

Mad. La R. (Looks out of the other window.) Ah, no, 'tis Lord Clifford with his friends and his son, flying in an opposite direction.

Mad. De M. Farewell, then, everything that I loved—everything that loved me! I am deserted—abandoned—alone—alone—for ever!

(Sinks overcome upon the sofa.—Monsieur and Madame La Ronde look at each other.)

La R. Madame La Ronde, would you quit me?

Mad. La R. (Embracing him.) Never!

CURTAIN.

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482 True as Steel
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499 Sweeney Todd
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501 The King's wager
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523 Lucky horse-shoe
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